than as a novelist. It's too late to change anyhow, isn't it? So follow my mood in that as in other things — which reminds me, I'm off to London to go to a 'party'! must see some people after 10 days solitude: then shall come back to books: then rush to society. which is best? which do I need most? God knows, I can't say — a common predicament of mine all my life. But instead of developing this interesting theme, I must stop or the post will go & you want Vita's address — Yes, it's NYPL addr how strongly I miss her — miss her presence in the green fields of Kent, even without seeing her there — I'm afraid the hated spring when it came to it — said the bathed having Long Barn. well good day — it's new year day love V

Rota 2.V.43

valuable. I met the mistress of a
head master in Lewes high st — a hard faced
pale eyed woman: felt my
ardour wane

Monks Horme,
Friday
Jan: 6th?
1933

Your letter just come.
Yes I'm much better:
no more digitalis.

My dear Ethel, I shant be able to come up on the 9th or 10th,
because — Never if I told you — we have bought a brand new
very expensive car. This has been promised us weekly since Dec
10th. As now arrayed it will be delivered here on the 14th.
We must have one spin. This the apple of L's eye. This on
the fluid flywheel system. We will cruise — how I love
technical words — at 50 miles an hour. Unless I can
persuade him to dash me up to London for the night — but no:
that one night a year was the limit. He grudges every
moment not spent here. The buds are opening. This like
May: the moon is like June, & the blackbirds tune — So
I shant be there. But I shall hasten in next time — dear me, it's

all very badly arranged. And I agree with you — the world is a humbug — a mere travesty & distortion-ment — I get more pain from it than pleasure. What with the Germans cutting in, & the voice of your friend God Almighty — growling & grumbling that reminds me — why do you think Vernon Lees views on the war detestable? What would you say to mine? And what are yours? So I'll have to write another letter, willy nilly. But I wish I could see you conducting & hear the tunes you think I might like. I expect that we shall be forced to come back on the 15th. Needless to say Mrs Belcher has influenza; her fur coat has been stolen from the press — in short we resemble Sunbrail ourselves again in the beginning of Sept. NYPL
pretend of floating sublimely between Heaven & the hills — at present — why. I can assure you. the loneliness & the night make even my tough heart tremble — the marshes, the clouds, the birds & June. But human life is also

Rota 2.4.63

after M. E. H's death

Thursday 19th Jan 1933

well Ethel dear I'm awfully sorry, & yet rather glad too
I like people to die with dignity standing up, as
Mary did. And I'm not much a lover as to
deny the strength of affections — the strongest
pulses the most secret — shaking out in
dreams, or coming, like groans for her, when
you say you don't feel it. But isn't
it a mercy she is quit of dying standing
after all these months? I had that impression
either very deeply — the last time I saw her was

(Tuesday. 31 [illegible])

the day before her dath, when she was sitting
at her table (about to be sold) I didn't know me,
but received me, alone, like a Queen. & then
suddenly smiled & said "Oh Mrs Woolf!
do sit down. Such a pleasure to see you." —
Well, I call that, the day before one's death
a very fine attitude. She was as smart as
as could be — wore a new hat, I should say,
beautifully placed, costing at least £10.10.
& the chair & table all ticketed round her.
oddly enough I found her home today. But no more.
& live to be 100 at least please
V.

NYPL

Royal 2-4-63

52 T.S. Friday Jan 27. 1933

Loch, dame Shul, I've only got 5 minutes before we start. Lord the cold! But the new car is sealed like a Pullman — I feel even so rich, conservative, patriotic, religious & lumberjish when I drive in it. & I enjoy this new Virginia immensely. She's one of the nicest people I know, & would love a party at Lady Rocksavage's above everything.

I thought your letter in the D.T. very good. Did they cut it? Anyhow it was given the

---

Li mother is still very ill, but at 83 the entirely expects Li die, & so they say, will persist in living

front row of the Stalls, as it deserved. When is the
F.G. to be given? Not till June?
As you were abusing old G.M. he died. I rather NYPL
regret him. I liked his incorruptible conscience in art, ROTA 2.4.33
combined with the corruption of all the rest.
And — oh I'm so cold — but I think being back [illegible]
warmer — I can't remember to boil it — I've not the
right temperament for your boiler — and I went
into a Hat Shop & bought a coat & a leather
Jacket so that I'm rigged up & look like Nansen
discovering the Pole. Well, one day you'll see me
discovering Corign.

WM

Feb 10th 1933

Dear I can't come today – we're going early to travel back on the way.

Sorry I was so glum. It's nothing but the flu. I'm in a cursed mood – can't bear the human face – so put off coming here. I advise you, as long as possible. Perhaps by the end of the week I shall be thawed – God knows.

I shall listen in.

Dear

To T. S.

18 March. 1933

Yes, after you left the other night
I was certain that you had
decided never to see me again.
Perhaps I'm right. After all,
there are tides in the affairs of
men. an ebb & a flow: why
should not the tide of Ethel
recede, then, from the hall, that
night, in the gaslamps, with
the taxis dripping by. & the
ruby light from the restaurant
Cloaking it — our friendship —
in flowing purple? Why
do these moments, all
draped & chevelled, overwhelm

me so completely? & then recede? To
written to night, when again perhaps
I think Ethel was not so completely
damned towards me – I mean
the crack was not so complete –
as I thought. And so, instead of
dreaming in my chair I write
almost as dreamily – NYPL Lord
I've forgotten everything. Everybody
& the chrysalis must feel as I do.
You know how their tails twitch –
with mine just does that to night.
It is the cold, the spring. Oh we
were caught in a storm on Friday
& came back to London, with our
windows stuck in ice: & a
car bonnied up; we almost crashed –
rather beautiful I mean. Coming to

Ever.

But this is all very remote. Do you die as I do & lie in the grass & then rise & see people like ghosts? And all my friends are dead — Gwendolen Cecil, one gay first: & then I never went to lunch when she asked me. You know life is too multitudinous: I feel I've been living ever since. There was a crocodile in the Nile.

To come down to this very instant what are you doing? Bath'? And what about Mrs Jones. Tell me.

Oh but you're angry with me — won't write — I got the most startling ~~castoria~~ correction of that in the hall —

Well, well, anyhow I. Send you my blessing, in whatever